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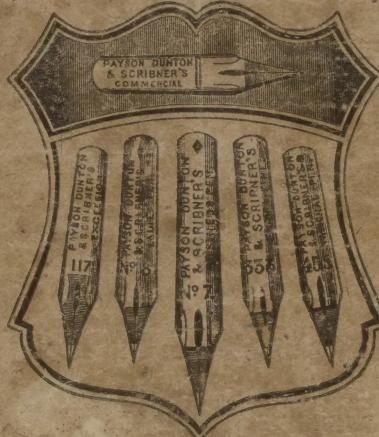
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HAND-BOOK OF CHEMISTRY AND PHILOSOPHY.



- 1 The Rights of Woman
2 Careless Words
3 Parting
4 Fired
5 Storm & Calm
6 Constancy
7 The Builders X
8 The Hawthorn Spray
9 The Picket
10 Realization
11 Is a friend
12 College Friends
13 The Mother's Sacrifice
14 Goodbye (Rose)
15 Humanity
16 In Paradise
17 Sweet Home
18 Psalm of Life

19 The Way to be Happy
20 Good Bye (Pretty)
21 I'll Think of Thee
22 Hope on, Hope Ever
23 O' Wish
24 Sweet Spirit Comfort Me
25 Make the best of it
26 I wish to be alone
27 Resignation
28 Sweet Home
29 Gentle Words

- Annie Simpson
Gretta Morgan
Anne Ball
Alice Tremlett
Annie Barker
Martha Williams
Emma Nolley
Fakitha Thomas
Sarah Morgan
Mary Evans
Julia Gilfield
Clara Williams
Mary Colbourne
Alice Mutton
Anelia Holmes
Emma Knowles
Hattie Nixon
Polly Vincent
Cathie Knowles

Emma Richardson
Amy Glose
Sally Cook
Annie Thompson
Lucy Gibbons
Florrie Sorey
E. L.
Greekling corner
Anne Williams
Alice Honiball

31. Remembrance

32. Ebb Tide

33. The Teachers Union

34. Fond Wishes

35. strive Grabh & Pray

36. Parting

37. Lines to Women

38. A Wish

39. Separation

40. Happiness

41. In Memoriam

42. Skin And How

43. Memory

44. A Comrade.

45. A good wife

46. The Rainy day

47. Scraps

48. Little things of best

49. Memory

50. Forsaken

51. A swarm of Bees worth having

52. Gentle Words

Gwladys Morris.

Nellie Foster

Jenny Simpson

Hattie Gardner

Alice Brooks

Jessie Tudor.

Annie Hoare

Polly Billitt

Susie Freguado

Eliza Lewis

Clara M. Williams

Lucy Burdett

Julia West

Annie Chambellan

Nellie Sansom

Thel Lyle

Alma Loyde

Emma Chaffin.

Bessie Palmer

Sarah Fry

M. Jones

J. Buckridge

Ruth Burnell

Fishponds

April 20th 1873

The "Diamond in the Rough".

C. D. Meigs.

A diamond "in the rough";

Is a diamond - sure enough,

For, though yet it may not sparkle,

'It is made of diamond stuff.

Of course, some one must find it,

Or it never will be found,

And then some one must grind it,

Or it never will be ground.

But when it's found and when it's ground,

And when it's burnished bright,

That diamond's everlastingly

just flashing out its light.

O! teacher in the Sunday-school,

Don't think you've "done enough,"

That worst boy in your class may be

A diamond in the rough.

* sibilant

Perhaps you think he's "quinding you!"

And possibly you're right,

But it may be you need grinding,

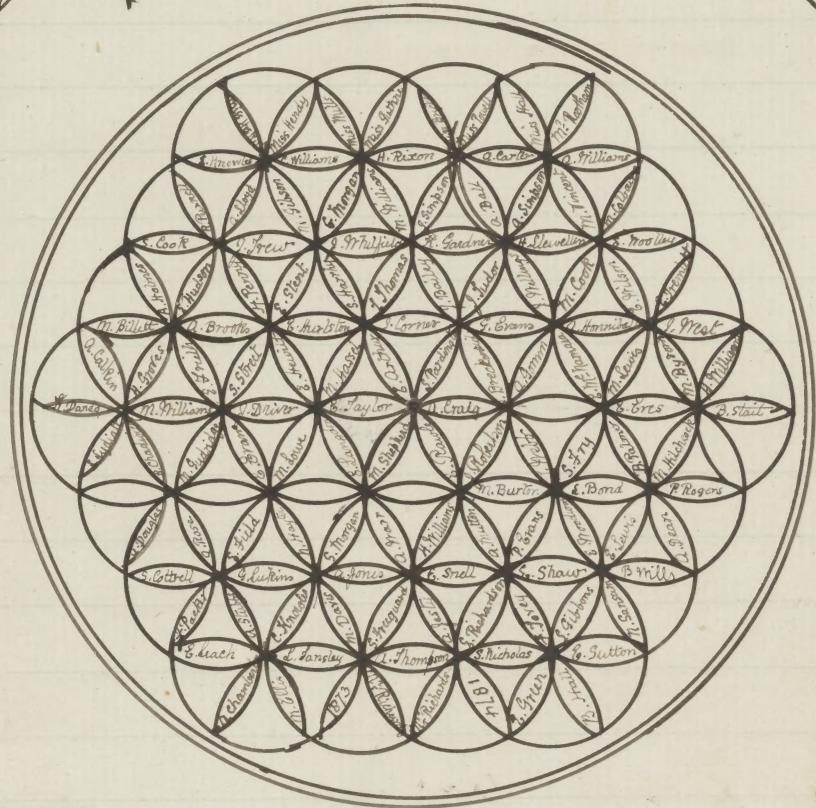
To burnish you up bright.

A swarm of Bees worth living;
or, Bees without Stings.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild;
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind
B sure you make matter subservient to mind;
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true;
B courteous to all men; B friendly with few;
B temperate in argument, B cautious of wine;
B careful of conduct, of money, of time;
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just;
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith;
B active, devoted. B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure;
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

W. H. Jones
June 30th/74

Fishponds Students



December 10th 1874

With best wishes
from Hettie P...

Gentle Words.

How sweet are the words of kindness
From those dear ones we love,
How like celestial favours.
Descended from above.

The heart, all seared with sadness,
Revives, and loves again
Like fainting summer flowers.
Beneath the welcome rain.

The ways of life are stormy,
Beset with snare and wile,
No flowery paths are trodden,
Except where dreams beguile

And every year we wander.
Along the ~~dearly~~ maize
A deeper bribe of sadness
Comes o'er the mental gaze.

'Tis true the cloudy curtain,

Above us sometimes parts
And gleams of balmy sunshine,
Fall on our drooping hearts.

They are those words of kindness,
That greet our grateful ears.
From friends whose lengthened silence
Is counted up in years.

I guard those wodly treasures,
As misers guard their hoards
How costless, yet how priceless
Are sweet and gentle words.

Sunday.

15th 11. 1874.

With love & best wishes
from "Janet... 73:

Giving.

"And must I be giving again and again?"
"Oh! no", said the Angel, his glance
 pierced me through,
"just give till the master stops
 giving to you."

C. O. Erhardt,
Per Lily Fox Warm
Jan. 1918.

Happiness

Happiness consists not in the pursuit of gaiety, but in the consciousness of doing our duty, and in the satisfaction of giving pleasure to others. There is always something we can do to lessen the trouble and vexations of those around us.

He who every night can look back with satisfaction upon a well spent day and can recall some gentle word he has spoken, — can think, he has lightened some sad stricken heart by kindness, be the aid he has afforded, ever so small, cannot fail to be at peace with his Maker, himself and the world; and is in possession of true happiness.

L. A. L

The Rights of Woman.

The rights of woman! what are they?
The right to labour and to pray:
The right to comfort in distress
The right when others curse - to bless;
The right to love whom others scorn,
The right to comfort all who mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth,
The right to lead the soul to GOD,
Along the path her Saviour trod:-
The path of faith that leads above:-
The path of meekness and of love:-
The path of patience under wrong:-
The path in which she grows strong
Such - "woman's rights," and GOD will bless
And grant support and give success

May 11th 1873.

To my dearest Ruth
from
Annie Simpson

Careless Words

Think ere you speak in careless words
When those you love are near,
Beware lest painful thoughts are near,
In the hearts of those that hear,
For it is not angry words alone,
That will distress the heard.
A careless word has often caused
The bitter tear to start.

When those are round you that you love
Be thrushful and be kind.
That word or deed may never leave
Regretful thoughts behind.
Oh! value thoughts that are your own
As gems of richest worth,
Even in tones of snirth
And never speak an unkind word.

Large Lecture Room
May 11th 1873.

To dear Rush
With love
From "Gretta"



Parting.

Yis hard to hear the unkind zone
That cause the tears to start
But from the friends we dearly love
Yis harder still to part.

Yis hard to find in those we trust
A false deceitful heart.
But from the loved, the true, and kind
Yis harder still to part.

Yis hard the guiltless should receive
The lie envenomed dart
But harder still that constant friends
Such calumny should part.

Yis hard to watch the loved one's cheek
Fade by afflictions smart.
But oh! when dissolution comes
Yis harder still to part.

From your little wife Nancy.

TIRED

Tired ah yes so tired dear
The day has been very long
But shadowy gloaming draweth near.
Tis time for the even song
I'm ready to go to rest at last
Ready to say "Good night"
The sunset glory darkens fast
To-morrow will bring me light.

It has ~~ss~~ seemed so long since morning tide
And I have been left so lone
Young smiling faces thronged my side
When the early sunshine shone
But they grew tired long ago
And I saw them sink to rest
With folded hands & brows of snow
On the green earth's mother breast
~~ss~~

Sing once again "Abide with me"
That sweetest evening hymn
And now "Good night." I cannot see
The light has grown so dim
Tired ah yes, so tired dear
I shall soundly sleep to night
And never a dream I never a fear
To wake in the morning light

ss

ss

To dear Ruth
with fond love
from Alice T.

Large Lecture Room

June 1st /73

Storm & Calm

Over a troubled sea
A lone bird flying
Under that troubled sea
The sad day dying
Over a troubled sky
The storm clouds flying
Under that troubled sky
A sad heart crying
Over a new-made grave
A heartsease blowing
Under that little grave
No tears are flowing
Over that quiet grave
The day is breaking
Under the smile of God
An angel waking

Large Lecture Room
April 20th 1873

To my dear Ruth
From Annie L

Memory

Oh! keep me in thy memory
I will not ask thee more
We may not meet, as we have met
How youth's delight dream is o'er
Your path, and mine in life may be
In future far apart

But time may bring us change of scene
And yet not change the heart
For you, for me, our path may go
Apart the world to traverse
But keep me in your memory
Tis all - Tis all I care.

To dearest "Ruth"
With the love and best wishes
of "Bessie Palmer."

Constancy

To love an absent one for years - to hope for
his return

To shed the tears of bitterness, and day and
night to mourn;

Nay, to refuse the rich man's love for that
far distant one

And turn all thoughts, all hope to him, the
young hearts summer sun

Ah! this is constancy indeed but hearts may
constant be

Although the object of their love cross not the
distant sea.

Yet Oh! for dreary days and years the
passion still to feel

Which woman's tongue may never tell
which she may ne'er reveal

To watch o'er all his happiness, to weep if
he but sigh

To mourn if pale be his cheek, or sunken

be his eye
Yet let not her anxiety, her feelings e'en
be shown,
And if she weep to turnaway, and shed
her tears alone

To still the tremblings of her hand if it
by him be press'd.
To treasure all his kindly words, within her
aching breast.
To stand his firm defender if foul calumny
should speak
Yet check the tears that strive to fall and
cool her burning cheek.

To see him wed another one, yet calm
her bursting heart
And strive to bid all others - save a sister's
love depart
Yet this has been, still is, may oft again
will be
For this is woman's truest love, and
woman's constancy

To Dearest Ruth,
from Martha

The Builders

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds & great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best:
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens & supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays & yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Gruely shape & fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the older days of Art,

Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute & unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen & the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm & ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

To dear
With brotherly fond love

Thou art our Father.

There are who sigh, that no fond heart is theirs,
None loves them best - O vain & selfish sigh.
Out of the bosom of His love, He spares,-
The Father spares the Son, for thee to die.

For thee He died - for thee He lives again
Over thee He watches in His boundless reign.
Thou art as much His care, as if beside
No man nor angel lived in Heaven & earth.
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide
To light up worlds, or make an insect's mirth.

They shine & shine with unexhausted store -
Thou art thy Saviour's darling - Seek no more
On thee & thine thy warfare & thy end
E'en in His hour of agony He thought
When ere the final pang, His Soul should rend
The ransomed spirits one by one were brought
To His mind's eye - two silent nights & days
In calmness for this far - seen hour He says

To dear Ruth in
fond remembrance
of Susie.

Sunday Sep ^{ber} 14th
1875.

"Forsaken"

Why doth she look so sad?
Why doth she weep?
Why heave that heavy sigh?
So mournful, yet sweet.
Hath she a parent dead?
Sister or brother?
Ay; she has been deceived,
By her false lover.

Her youthful heart he won,
Without one strife,
Promised with many oaths,
To love her through life,
Faithless and cold she grew
Day after day
Till childhood's happy dream
Vanished away.

— — — — —

For: 2nd 1874

To dearest "Beth" with
the love & best wishes of
Sara May

The Hawthorn Spray

sss ————— sss ————— ll

She showed me a spray of hawthorn
Its flowers were closed and dead
Yet she held it as dear as a jewel
It was given to her she said
By one, whose faith and affection
Made life a summers day
And so, I did not wonder
She treasured the hawthorn spray.

sss ————— sss ————— ll

She spoke of a farewell meeting
In the moonlight-calm and fair
And of one who had gathered the blossom
And laid it on her dark hair:
She told how the blue wave bore him
Her sailor — far away
And so I could not wonder
She treasured the hawthorn spray.

sss ————— sss ————— ll

My darling Ruth
With the find love
of Sabrina

Your Life.

There's no harm in taking all the peeps
at other people's lives you want to — and
getting out of 'em all the experience
and good you can find — but don't try
and live 'em all. If you do you'll be neither
fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

Live one life — your own — and live
it just as hard and just as deep as you
can. You'll have something then to show
yourself when the years are done and
you've reached the end. It may not
content you altogether, but it will keep
you from whining.

Make your life; take your chances; don't be ~~afraid~~
of what's back of you or what's before you; just live
the best you know how and live it strong.
You'll make mistakes, lots of them; but
mistakes are better than fence-perching or
stagnation; it's easier for the Lord creator to
forgive mistakes than idle rotting. The real
folks understand, and death doesn't frighten you
when you die. You know there's something too
alive inside of you, for all eternity,
to kill".

E.O. Erhardt.

The Picket on the Potowmac
(An American Poem written during the
American War).

"All quiet along the Potowmac tonight
Except the now and then a stray picket is shot.
As he walks on his beat to and fro
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
It's nothing - a private or two now and then
Will not count in the tale of a battle
Not an officer lost - only one of the men
Breathing out all alone the death - rattle.

All quiet along the Potowmac tonight
While the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming
In their tents in the day of the clear autumn Moon
And the light of the watch - fires gleaming.
A tremulous sigh from the gentle night - wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping
While the stars up above with their glistening eyes
Keep watch while the army is sleeping.

Is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain
And thinks of the two in the low-trundled bed
Far away in the hut on the mountain
His musket falls slack. His face dark and grim
Grows gentle with memories tender
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep.
For their brother - May Heaven defend her.

The moon seems to shine as keenly as then
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips & when low-hummed vows
Were pledged - never woe to be broken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes
He dashes the tears that are welling
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling

He passes the fountain - the blated pine-tree
The footstep is lagging and weary
Yet onward he glides through the broad belt-of-light
Towards the shade of a forest so heavy.
Hark! was it the night wind that rent the
(leaves)

Let the moonlight so suddenly flashing
It looked like a rifle - Ah! Mary - Good Night!
His life-blood is ebbing and dashning.

All quiet along the Potowmac tonight
No sound save the rush of the river
But the dew falls unseen on the face of the dead.
The pickets off duty. - for ever.

Sunday May 18th 1843.

To dear Ruth
with love from
S. M.

Smile.

Smile a smile
While you smile, another smiles,
And soon there's miles and miles
Of smiles. And life's worth while
If you but smile.

Waiting

Learn to wait - life's hardest lesson
Conned perchance through blinding tears

Speak, Lord.

Take me away from the noise & din, of the weary world, and
its scenes of sin;

Take me away to some secret place,

Where I may look for my Father's face.

Lord I am weary and faint would see,

Not faces of strangers, but only Thee;

And amid this pain of bewildering noise

I long for thy ~~the~~ children's peaceful joys.

Speak to me Father, I yearn and wait

To hear thy voice, but the time is late;

Oh give me patience, or let me hear

The steps of my Father drawing near.

Only a word let me hear tonight,

In the way is dark, and I need a light,

Only whisper to me "My child,"

I am with thee amid the wild."

Then, O Lord, I shall stronger grow,

And patient to wait, till Thy will I know;
Then glad and grateful and satisfied
I will love to walk by my Father's side.
I have but a little while to wait,
Till I stand at last at the golden gate;
Then, O Father, the joy will be,
That evermore I shall be with Thee.
Only till then the way is long,
And I yearn to join in the angel's song;
Let me but know that my God is near
Speak Lord, for I long to hear.

Elinor Ward.

III Recollection. III

Can it be true that a blow has been stricken
Sudden and heavy, and hard to be borne
Making a rent in the bright happy circle
Taking a dear one for whom all must mourn

Can it be true that along the dark valley
One has passed safely and fearlessly too
One who has finished for ever and ever
The work upon earth God had given her to do

Can it be true that the trials and sorrows
Which in this world are so bitter to bear
Reach not that home & that heaven of gladness
Where the dear one dwells free from care.

Can it be true that the eyes which so often
Have brightened with joy or saddened with grief
Are now turned unceasingly on to their maker
The presence of whom she had oft tried to seek

Can it be true that the voice which so often
Has joined with us here in praises and prayer
Is now being turned to unite with the angels
In singing with rapture God's Sweet Praises there

Can it be true that the form which so often
Has bent with us here in prayer to our God
Is being made pure to inherit the mansions
Which Christ hath prepared by His own precious Blood

Yes it is true that the conflict is over
True that the tried head has now reached its rest
True that the angels have welcomed a sister
To share in their glory & dwell with the Blest.

Large Lecture Room
May 18th 1873.

To dearest Ruth
With fondest love
from Pollie E--- S.

And so with the sheep we earnestly plead,
For the sake of the lambs today,
If the lambs are lost, what a terrible cost,
Some sheep may have to pay.

The Sheep of the Flock. — C. D. Meigs.

We oft hear the plea for trying to keep
"The lambs of the Flock" in the fold,
And well we may; but then what of the sheep?
Shall they be left out in the cold?

'Twas a sheep, not a lamb, that strayed away,
In the parable Jesus told,
'A grown up sheep that had gone astray,
From ninety and nine in the fold.

Out in the wilderness, out in the cold,
'Twas a sheep the good shepherd sought,
And back to the flock, safe into the fold.
'Twas a sheep the good shepherd brought.

And why for the sheep should we earnestly long?
And as earnestly hope and pray?
Because there is danger, if they go wrong,
They will lead the young lambs astray.

For the lambs will follow the sheep you know,
Whenever the sheep may stray;
If the sheep go wrong, it will not be long
Till the lambs are as wrong as they
See other side of this

To a Friend

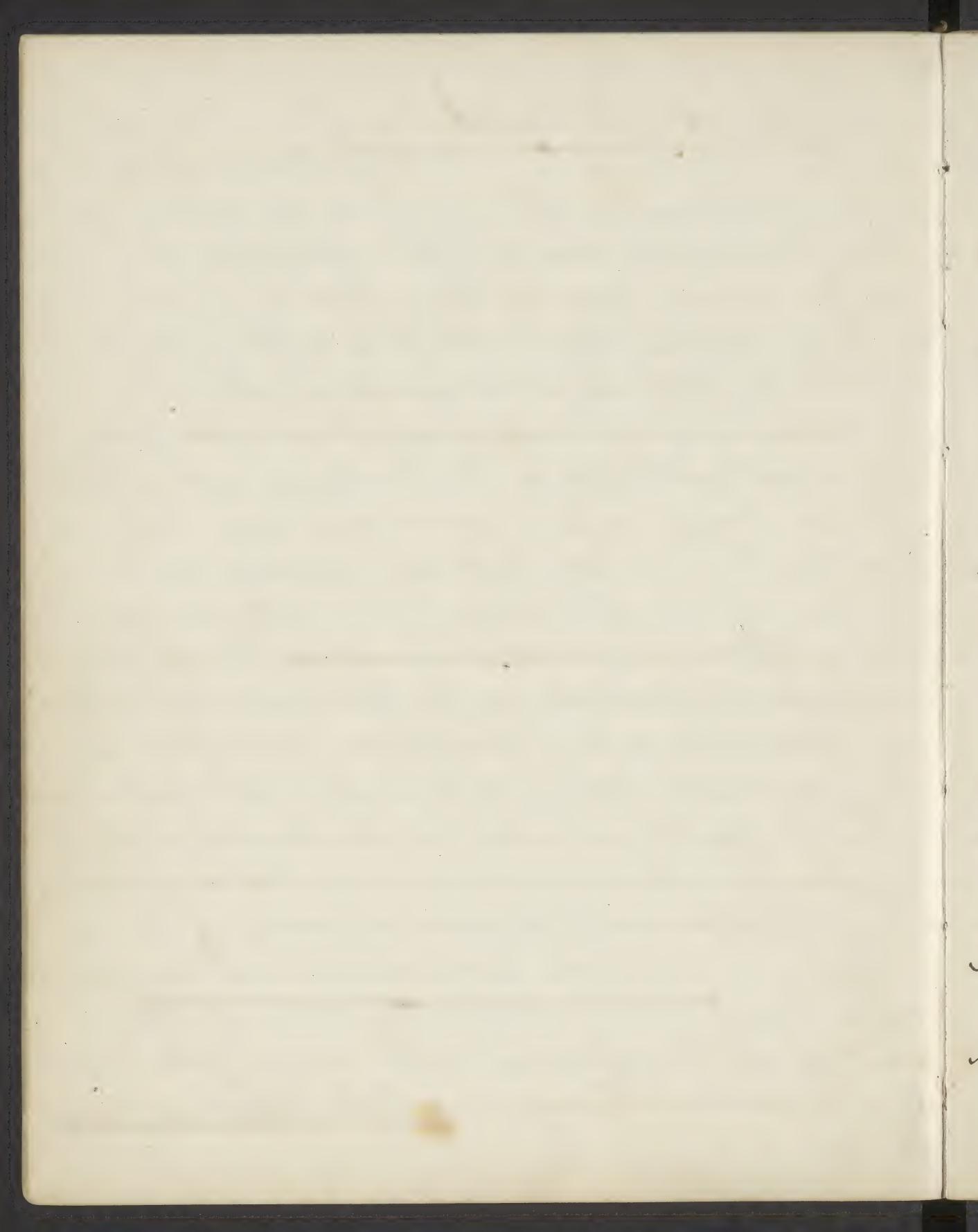
Oh! let the title of this rhyme
Oft bring her to thy mind,
Who prov'd thee many a happy day
A friend sincere and kind:
And when the path we both have trod,
Thou hast alone to tread,
Oh, then I ask - remember me,
And be this offering read.

A Wish

Where'er your abode, be that home ever blest,
And never with Poverty be you oppress'd:
May health's rose tint on your cheeks long appear,
And a happiness yours be for many a year:
Till life, like a full sheaf doth gloriously end,
'Tis a wish from the heart of
Your own dearest Friend.

Large Lecture Room
Ascension Day

So dear Ruth
With Julia's love



College Friends

We live in joyous union here
Each one a happy season spends
We're even in grief a solace bear
For each one has her College Friend

But these sweet days will soon be past over
A time of separation pending
Ah them perhaps on earth no more
We'll meet again our College Friend

Yet oft amid the aim of life
Where time our daily labours end
Our friend's endings will be ripe
With visions of our College Friend

When thus our earthly woes to heal
And memory its assistance lend
Garnet boughings we shall feel
To see once more our College Friend

But some will then have run their race
And where the weeping willow bends
The stone will mark the resting place
Of those who were our College Friends

For mortal days on earth are few
From death each one in turn attends
To th' summon me, to th' summon you
As well as all our College Friends

But there is yet a brighter land
A land above where life never ends
There let us hope at God's right hand
To meet again our College Friends

Large Lecture Room
Ascension Day 1873

To dear Ruth
With love from
Eliza

"Should no to his heart joyful
in the joy that God gives one when he stoops
to take our dearest to himself" Fromie
He may keep his mind in perfect peace
This heart is staid on him

The Mother's Sacrifice.

What shall I render Thee, Father Supreme
For Thy rich gifts, and this the best of all
Said a young Mother, as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe. There was an
answering voice.

That night in dreams.

"Thou hast a little Bud
Nestled in thy Breast and fed with dews of love.
Give me that Bud?
I will be a flower in Heaven."
But there was silence; yea, a hush so deep
Breathless, and terror-stricken
That the lip
Blanched in its trance.

"Thou hast a little Harp
How sweetly would it swell the Angels hymn!
Give me that Harp?
There burst a shuddering sob
As if the bosom by some hidden sword

Was cleft in twain.

Morn came. A blight had struck
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud.
The Harp strings rang a thrilling strain & broke
And that young Mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony.

Again the voice

"That stirred her vision.
He Who asked of Thee loveth a cheerful giver"
So she raised her gushing eyes
And ere the tear drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled;
And that meek smile like Abraham's faith
Was counted righteousness.

Large Lecture Room
Ascension Day
May 22nd/73.

To dearest Rush
With the fond love of
Lizzie Colbourne.

Never Say Fail!

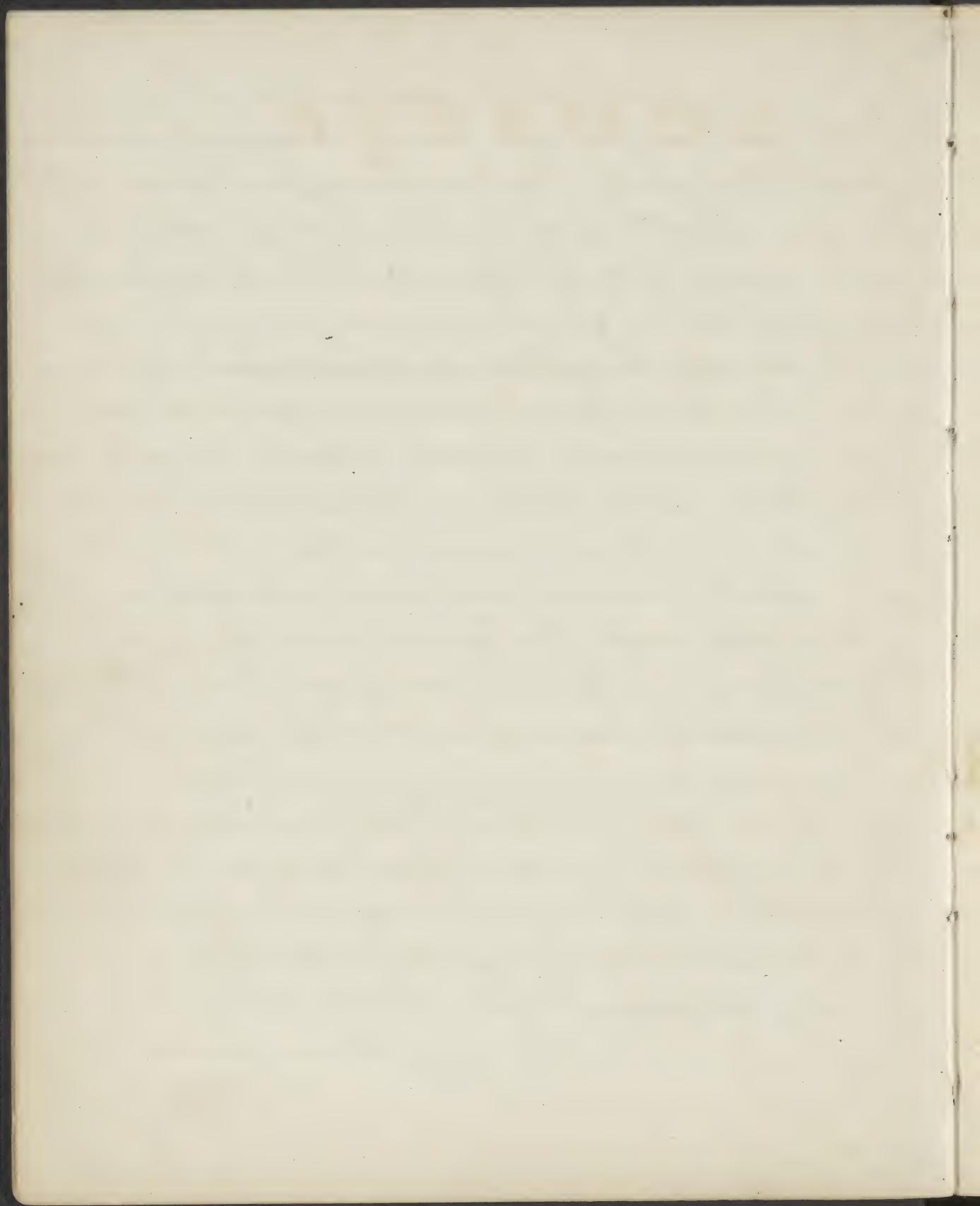
Keep pushing - 'tis wiser than sitting aside,
And dreaming, and sighing and waiting the ^{time}
In life's earnest battle they only prevail
Who daily march onward and never say fail!

With an eye ever open, a tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never to sorrow succumb -
You'll battle and conquer, though thousands assail,
How strong and how mighty who never say fail!

The spirit of angels is active I know
As higher, and higher in glory they go;
Methinks on bright pinions from Heaven they sail,
To cheer and encourage who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning, in manhood's firm pride,
Let this be the motto your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine, whatever assail
We'll onward and conquer, and never say fail!

Yours sincerely
M.H.B.



GOOD BYE.

It is a hard word to speak. Some may
laugh that it may be so, but let them.
Icy hearts are never kind. It is a
word that has choked many an
utterance, & started many a tear.
The hand is clasped, the word is
spoken, - we part and are out upon
the ocean of time, - we go to meet
again, - when, and where, God only
knows. It may be soon, it may be
never. Take care that your "Good Bye" be
not a cool one, it may be the last that
you can give. Ere you can meet again
your friends, - death's cold hand may
have closed his eyes, & sealed his lips for
ever. Ah! he may have died in thinking
you loved him not. Again it may be
a long separation. Friends crowd onward
& give you their hands. How do you detect
in each 'Good Bye' the love that lingers
there, & how you may bear away with you

the memory of those parting words.
We must often separate. Tear not yourself
away with a careless boldness that
defies all love, but make your last
words linger. Give the heart its full
utterance, and if tears fall - what of it?
Tears are not unmanly.

To Dearest Nellie
With fond love
of Amelia

Humility

Humble we must be if to Heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.
Whene'er thou speakest look with lowly eye
Grace is increased by humility.

June 3rd
1873.

To our dear Ruth
With best love from
Amelia.

"In Paradiso"

A mother sat by Mallas Sea
Though long the sun had set
Her head was resting on her knee
Her cheek with tears was wet.
Ah! where I asked is that fair child
Who sported round you free and wild
As ocean in its flow:-
She pointed upward to the sky
And only answered with a sigh
In Paradiso.

"He left me here alone, she said
My bright, my lovely boy,
The infant from his mother fled
To dwell in endless joy.
He'll sport no more beside the sea
He'll never smile again on me
Whilst I am here below;
Angels have borne him from the tomb
A spotless flower again to bloom
In Paradiso."

I mourn not he has passed away
Nor light his patron's shrine
No masses for his soul I say
Nor useless garlands twine
For as I sit upon the strand
When waves come rippling o'er the sand
And light winds softly blow
I see him midst the Cherub throng
I hear his joyful heavenly song
"In Paradiso"

May 25th 1873.

To dear Ruth,
with love from
Emma Snowles.

Sweet Home.

Home's not merely four square walls
Though hung with pictures nicely gilded
Home is where affection calls
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.
Home! Go watch the faithful done
Sailing neat the heaven above us.
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us

Home is not merely roof and room
Home needs something to endear it
Home is where the heart can bloom
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it
What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us,
Home is sweet & only sweet
Where there's one we love, to meet us

Large Lecture Room
May 25th 1873

To dear Ruth
With fond
love from
Hatty

A Psalm of Life

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream";
For the soul is dead that shumbers
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real; Life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,

In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act - act in the living present.
Heart within, and God overhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our Lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:-

Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing may take heart again.

Let us then, be up and doing
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labour and to wait.

With love to Ruth
from Nellie Vincent

"Others" — C. H. Meigs.

Lord help me live from day to day,
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for — Others.

Help me in all the work I do,
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you,
Must needs be done for Others.

Let "Self" be ~~sacrifice~~ crucified and slain,
And buried deep; and all in vain,
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for Others.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of Others.

Others, Lord, yes, others,
And none of "Self" for me,
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.

Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy: God has none.

And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
But yet he slopes to give it! More complete
Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it! Only heaven
Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says "Forgiven".

D. A. Proctor.

Sunday June 8th/43

Chtr.

"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
wasted:
If it enriches not the heart of another, its waters
returning

Back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them
full of refreshment."

That which the fountain sends forth returns again
to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy
work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance
is courage,

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, - that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dew, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! - that I did not greet
Thy b^t approach, and oh! to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet,
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, & thou shalt see
How He persists to knock & wait for thee!"
And oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"Tomorrow we will open", I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answered still
"To-morrow".

Large Lecture Room
Nov: 30th 1843.

To dear Ruth

With best love,

from

Pollie E-

Heart is made godlike,
Purified strengthened perfected, and rendered
more worthy of Heaven (C.R.).

The way to be happy

Begin the day with God
Kneel down to Him in Prayer
Lift up thy heart to His abode
And pay thy worship there.

Go through the day with God
Whate'er thy work may be
Where'er thou art at home abroad
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God
Thy spirit heavenward turn
Acknowledge every good bestowed
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God.
Thy sins to Him confess
Trust in the Saviour's precious Blood
Cleave to his righteousness.

Home at last

Child do not fear, we shall reach our home,
To night

For the sky is clear & the waters bright
And the breezes have scarcely strength
To unfold that little cloud, that like a shroud
Spreads out its fleecy length, then have no fear,
As we cleave our silver way thro' the waters clear
Fear not my child! tho' the waves are white & high
And the storm blows wild through the stormy sky
On the edge of the western sky, see that line of golden light
Is the haven bright where home is awaiting thee
Where, this peril past, we shall rest from our
Stormy voyage

In peace at last

Be not afraid; but give me thine hand & see
How the waves have made a cradle for thee
Night is come, dear & we shall rest

Good Bye.

There is a little parting word
Which few can say without a sigh.
No wonder when the sound is heard
It claims a tear from friendship's eye.

For who could hear the last good-bye,
Without one tear of silent sorrow
To think a friend that now is nigh,
May be far distant on the morrow.

With very fond love
and best wishes from

June 15th 1873.

(Emma)

The Teacher.

With a longing look in her weary eyes,
And a half unconscious sigh,

She gazes out on the fresh green grass,
And the glorious azure sky.

The warning bell is in her hand,

As she stands in the open door,
But mute & still, the shadow lies
In the sunshine on the floor.

Her thoughts are wandering far away,

She takes no note of time;

It matters not, the faithful clock
Is on the strike of "nine."

The merry group of boys and girls;
So busy at their play,

She scratches with a half-formed wish
That she was free as they.

The same old round of irksome toil,

She follows without change,

And is it strange her mind should seek
A wider, freer range.

But courage, weary, toiling one,

Your field of work is wide.

And though your lot may oft seem dark,

To My Dear Ruth

I'll think of thee in winters night
When the snow is on the green.
I'll think of thee in sunshine bright
When autumn birds the scene.
I'll think of thee when pleasures flow
And mock the moonlight air.
I'll think of thee when kneeling low
Before my God in prayer.

Large Lecture Room.
Trinity Sunday.

With fond love
from A.R.

It has a sunny side.
The little seeds you daily sow,
Will reach a fertile soil,
And by a harvest fair and bright
Repay you for your toil.

Ruth.

Someday - Sweetday.

There's a rest from all toil someday, sweetday,

But it's weary the waiting - weary.

There's a Harbor somewhere in a quiet Bay,
Where the sails will be furled, and the ships
will lay, at anchor

Somewhere in the far away.

But it's weary the waiting - weary.

There's a rest for the sorrows of souls oppressed;

But it's weary the waiting - weary.

Sometime in the future when God thinks best

He will lay us tenderly down to rest

And the roses will bloom from the thorns in our breast,

But it's weary the waiting - weary.

There's a rest from the world with its busy ^{brown},
But it's weary the waiting - weary ^{cap}.

There's a light somewhere that no dark ^{dark}, drown,

Where life's sad burdens are all laid down,

And a crown, thank God, for each rose a ^{crown},

But it's weary the waiting - weary.

Hope on! Hope ever.

Hope on ye patient sons of Del,
Wherr'as your lot be cast;
Yer longest laur must have a turn,
Gryard will come at last
In freedom's voice let all rejoice,
Yer courage knowes no fear;
In darkest daye will pass away
And more brake bright and clear

Hope on! And never be dismayed
By fortuners wavering hand
Stand fast, amid the storms of life
Yeru as the brave oak stand
Remember how your fathers fought
Thry conqueror and thry blood
Through every form of danger pass'd
Think of the mighty dead!

Hope on? And in the world's broad strife
Serk for a spotless name
A fawrrous heart, an open hand

What nobler worth to claim!
Live in the light of heaven's bright day
Your Reason ball and draw
Let this your watchword ever
Our Country and our Queen

Hop on! though storms surround your ^{bath}
Drive on! and look above
Thy earthly bed in goodness own
Shall blossom into glory
Hop on! Hop on! be firm and strong
The night will soon be past
Our doom awakes the glad day break
Reward will come at last

To dear Ruth
With the
affectionate
regard of
Sally Cooke.

"Church Services"

The chimes from yonder steeple,
Ring merrily and loud,
And groups of people eager
To ward their music crowd,
Before the altar's railing —

To Bride and Bridegroom stand
And lacy folds are waving,
The loveliest in the land.

— And every ear is trying
To hear the Bride reply, —
Her soft but firm "I will",
Her soft "I will" is spoken,
A glance as soft exchanged,
That now shall ne'er be broken
Nor those fond hearts estranged.

Another train advances
No bridal train is this,
Yet there are joyous glances,
And whispered words of bliss,
With youthful pride and pleasure,

Within the Church they bear,
The babe is now receiving
Upon its placid face,
The badge of the believing,
The Holy sign of grace.

Another train is wending,
Within the church its way,
While prayers are still ascending
For blessings on that day.
But here no Bride is blushing
And here no babe is blest,
But mourners tears are quenching
For one laid down to rest.
Bright dawns the bridal morning
The font to us is dear,
But come and hear the warning
That's spoken to us here "
To blight may soon be falling
On joys however pure,
Then let us make our calling
And our election sure,
And then the day of sorrow

A Wish.

May the blessings
of thy God attend thee. May
the sun of glory shine around thy head.
May the gales of plenty, honour, & happiness be al-
ways open to thee & thine. May no strife disturb thy
days nor sorrow distress thy nights, and the plea-
sures of imagination attend thy dreams. When length
of years makes thee tired of earthly joys & the curtains of
death gently close round the last scene of thy existence
May the Angels of God attend thy bed, and finally,
May the Saviour's Blood wash thee from all
impurities, & at last usher thee into a land
of everlasting felicity where care,
sorrow and sighing are
unknown.

Large Room
June 8th 1873.

With Annie S'
best love.

Which lays us in the earth
Shall have a brighter marrow
Than that which saw our birth

ss

Large Lecture Room

November 15th 1874

ss

To dear Ruth
With fond love from
Eliza Webb

ss

Around the Corner

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face;
For Life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger
then;
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game;
Tired with trying to make a name.
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I am thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes—and tomorrow
goes;
And the distance between us grows and
grows.

Around the corner!—yet miles away.
"Here's a telegram, sir." "Jim died to-
day!"
And that's what we get—and deserve in
the end—
Around the corner, a vanished friend.
—Charles Hanson Towne.

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Sweet Spirit Comfort Me

In the hour of my distress
When temptations me oppress
And when I my sins confess
"Sweet Spirit Comfort Me"

When I lie upon my bed.
Sick in heart and sick in head
And with doubts disquieted
"Sweet Spirit Comfort Me"

When the tempter me pursues
With the sins of all my youth
And condemns me with untruth
"Sweet Spirit Comfort Me"

When the judgment is revealed
And that opened which is sealed
When to Thee I have appealed
"Sweet Spirit Comfort Me"

June 8/73

With fond love
from Lucy

Dead Autumn.

Pallid and cold she lies on fallen sheaves,
Her white limbs damp her golden air unbound
Covered for shroud with yellow dark dead leaves
Waiting for winter snow to wrap her round
Heath the grey vault of heaven no stir, no sound,
Save the sad moaning of the wind that grieves,
Mars her cold slumber! Ah poor Queen disrowned!
We loved thee well, right royal was thy sway.
Yet thus it is that all we love must pass
Even as thou poor queen has passed away
For all thy wealth of glory. Flesh is grass
And life is but a shadow & the sun
Shines but a little ere the night comes on
But wait tired hearts, the dawn hath not
begun

To dear Ruth
with kind love

E. M^c Namara

"Make the best of it."

Life is but a fleeting dream
Care destroys the rest of it.
Swift it glideth like a stream
Mind you make the best of it.

Talk not of your weary woes,
Troubles or the rest of it,
If we have but brief repose
Let us make the best of it.

Trusting in the power above,
Which sustaining all of us.
One common bond of love
Binds the great & small of us.

Whatsoever may befall
Sorrows or the rest of it
We shall overcome them all
If we make the best of it.

July 15th 1873.

With fond love
& best wishes from
"Glorie."

I wish to be alone.

I wish to be alone ; I know not why,
But still I wish to be alone, to sigh,
Per chance to weep, to shed the silent tear
And let the heart o'er-flow when none are near.

I wish to be alone ; the chords that divide
My heart are like the tendrils of a vine
Which have been torn by some rude passer-by,
And left upon the stem to droop and die.

I wish to be alone ; I cannot tell
How this dark mantle o'er my spirits fell,
But this I know, a shadowy veil is thrown
Around me, and I wish to be "alone".

I wish to be alone ; and there to feel
A calm and melancholy pleasure steal
Upon the senses, like a softened light
Reflected through the curtains of the night

I wish to be alone, and for a while
Forget the heartless world's delusive smile;
Seek shelter from the storms that here intrude
And find a sweet relief in solitude.

June 30th 1873.

From E.L.

My Mother's Hands.

Those beautiful, beautiful hands
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.

I've looked on hands whose form & hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands
Though heart was weary & sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on
That children might be glad.

I almost weep as looking back
To childhood's distant day,

I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.
Such beautiful, "beautiful hands
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! Alas! - the nearing time
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies out of sight
These hands shall folded be
But oh! beyond this shadowy land,
Where all is bright and fair
I know full well those dear old hands
Will Palms of victory bear,-
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

To dear Ruth
With love & best wishes
from Fanny

Resignation

There is no flock, however watched & tended
But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, however defended,
But has one vacant chair!

She is not dead, - the child of our affection
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness & seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution
The lives whom we call dead.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed.
The dwelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest, -

(over)

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay
By silence sanctifying not concealing
The grief that must have way.

To Ruth
Large Lecture Room. with love
June 22nd 1873. from Josephine

Nearer Home.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er & o'er -
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I have been before

Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white Throne,
Nearer the crystal sea, —

Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the Cross,
Nearer gaining the Crown.

But lying darkly between
Winding down thro' the night,
Is the dim & unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer, closer my feet
Come to that dark abyss,
Closer death to my lips,
Presses the awful chasm.

sss ————— sss ————— sss

Saviour perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death.

sss ————— sss ————— sss

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

sss ————— sss ————— sss

Large Lecture Room

Aug: 31st 1873

sss ————— sss ————— sss

To dear Ruth
with fond love
from Annie

sss ————— sss ————— sss

Gentle Words

||||| ————— |||| ————— ||||

How sweet are the words of kindness
From those dear ones we love
How like celestial favours
Descended from above

||||| ————— |||| ————— ||||

The heart all seared with sadness
Pervades and loves again
Like fainting summer flowers
Beneath the welcome rain

||||| ————— |||| ————— ||||

The ways of life are stormy
Beset with snare and vile
No flowery paths are trodden
Except where dreams begin

||||| ————— |||| ————— ||||

and every year we wander
Along the dreary maze
A deeper tinge of sadness
Comes on the mental gaze

||| ————— ||| ————— |||

Yes true the cloudy curtain
Above us sometimes parts
And gleams of balmy sunshine
Fall on our drooping hearts

||| ————— ||| ————— |||

They are those words of kindness
That greet our grateful ears
From friends whose lengthened silence
Is counted up in years

||| ————— ||| ————— |||

I guard those wordy treasures
As miser guards his hoards
How costless yet how priceless
Are sweet and gentle words

||| ————— ||| ————— |||

To Ruth
With love
from Alice #

Rememberance

Though time may pass & years may fly
And every hope decay & die;
Though every joyful dream may set,
Yet thee I never can forget.

Though distant now yet still my heart
From love of thee can never part.
I'll bless thy hour when first we met,
For thee I never can forget.

To dear Ruth
With fond love
From Gladys

Large Lecture Room

Sept: 28th/73.

"On Woman"

While Adam slept - God from him took
A bone, - and as an omen

He made it like a seraph look
And thus created woman

He took this bone, not from his side
To show her power more ample.

Nor from his feet to designate
That he on her might trample.

But 'neath his arm to clearly show
He always would protect her
And seal his heart to let him know
How much he should respect her.

He took this bone crooked enough
Most crooked of the human
To show him how much crooked stuff
He'd always find in woman.

Ebb Tide

On a summer eve when the sun was low
An old man sat in the golden glow
The waves were crashing the sandy stones
And calm and sweet were their laund Jones,
He looked and listened, and softly sighed
As he heard the voice of the ebbing tide.

He had passed his three score years and ten
He had smiled and wept like other men
Brother, and parent, friend and wife
Had drifted over the sea of life
To the peaceful shore where the saints abide
But he was left by the ebbing tide.

Left all alone with the dreamy past
A battered hull on a shingle fast
No more to ride on the seething main
Nor feel the shock of the storm again
He lay at peace by the ocean side
To wait the coming of death's great tide.

That solemn tide with its voiceless roll
Shall bear on the wave the weary soul
To the blessed land where the angel throng
Will hail its coming with holy song
And the home of that faithful heart shall be
A place of rest by the "Crystal Sea."

To dear Ruth
With fond love
& best wishes of
Julia H.

The Teacher's Crown

The weary teacher smelt alone - The tears were falling
one by one

And the sad and peering thoughts had fled
from the Holy Page before me spread
Shall my labours e'er so fruitless prove? Shall
I win none to my Saviour's love?

Will none of my little flock be mine? In the
Saviour's crown & life to shine.

A wodouy mother waited & wept, for her little
fair-headed Darling slept.

But her child's last breath as she passed away,
was of her of whom she had learnt to pray.
And the mother thought of her happy child;

Ule her aching heart to the cross was wild
And she knelt at the foot of the blessed one, and
learned his love as the child had done

A man with a brandid brow bent low, beneath his
burden of guilt & woe;

When the words of his early teacher stole like sunlight
into his darkened soul

He rose to another life that day the grief and

The shame had rolled away
As he sped to the land of the rising sun, to learn
what the Lord of life had done
A gray-browed maiden her service bore, to the squalid
hamps of the city poor
With aid to the poor & fatherless, and the story of
Prayer for the soul's desire,
This was she squalid wretched child, who never
Answered and never smiled
But the seed the teacher had sown with care, had
Grown and blossomed & ripened there
~~Sweet voices~~ ~~whisperings~~ had filled the air, and
Music wafted from religious fair
It was the music of hearts his love had stirred, of those
who gathered through the world.
And the teacher entered not fearfully alone, though
She felt that zone might have been done.
But though faith wept & hope grew dim her
faith & trust had been placed in him

Large Lecture Room
Oct 26th 1843

To my dear Ruth
With best love
& from Jenny

Separation.

Oh! 'tis one scene of parting here
Love's watchword is "Farewell"
And almost starts the falling tear
He died the last that fell.

Yes but to feel that one most dear,
Is heedful is the heart
When straight A voice is muttering now
Impenitent - "Thou must part."

Off too we doom ourselves to grieve
For wealth or glory more
But say can wealth or glory give
Aught that can equal love.

And could we live - if we believed
The future like the past
Still we hope on though still deceived
The hour will come at last.

Nov: 23rd 1873.

In loving remembrance
of Jessie.

My Fond Wishes

May the blessing of Jesus, thy foot-
steps attend,
May the love of the Spirit remain
with thy friend,
May the joys of salvation around
thee be shed
From union with Christ thy adorable
Head

If by inward or outward affections
distrest
May the Lord be thy refuge, thy
comfort, thy creek
And sweetly reclining on Jesus arm
Mayst thou travel the wilderness
guarded from harm
When thy pilgrimage here shall
draw near to an end
May spirits angelic thy pillow attend
And when by thy foot the
dark valley is trod

May thy steps be upheld
by a Covenant God.

To dear Ruth
With fond love
from State

Large Lecture Room
October 26/43

The Rainy Day

The day is cold, & dark, & dreary;
It rains, & the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark & dreary.

My life is cold, & dark, & dreary;
It rains & the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the glass,
And the days are dark & dreary.

Be still, sad heart! & cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark & dreary.

Longfellow

In affectionate remembrance
of
Iothel

Strive, Watch, and Pray.

Strive; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would not perchance disdain
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your gain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not,
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,

Yet pray, and with hopeful tears,
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it;
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

To dear Ruth
With love from
Alice H---B---

Large Lecture Room
Nov 2nd 1873.

Giving.

"And must I be giving again and again?"
"Oh, no," said the angel! - His glance
periced me through,
"I must give till the Master stops giving
to you."

Parting.

Who has not felt at parting
How hard it is to stay,
The dear that will be starting,
See sigh that will have sway?
Or in spite of hopes soft whisper,
Oh! the heart is rent in twain
By the thought that still creeps rising,
We may never meet again!

" " " " "
This is a world of sorrow,
A vale of sighs and tears;
Then Roast Not of To-Morrow,
Ye know not what it bears.
But there is a blessed region,
Where, redeemed from every stain,
Those who here have loved and parted,
Meet, and never part again!

Nov 9th / 873.

To dearest Ruth
With fond love from
Jessie G.

Scraps

"Would you be blest, be true;
Lean on deception, the vile reed shall break,
And justly pierce the hand that planted it,
Be truth your staff, what path so rough or dark
Lonely or dangerous, but you shall pass
Safe to the end

"Honour and shame from no condition rise
Act well your part: Here all the
honour lies"

"Fear to do base unworthy things; is valour,
If they be done, to us, To suffer them
is valour too"

From Mercie

Scrap.

Happiness depends on man's ignorance
of future events and on his hope of a
future state.

Pope.

A Wish

God be with thee thou must wander
Through a world of soil and care
God be with thee; sin and sorrow
Soon may cloud thy dawning fair.

God be with thee; friends may fail thee
Greasery thy bosom rend
God be with thee when assail thee
Heartless foe or faithless friend.

God be with thee, vice may snare thee
Death and sorrow ring thy heart
God be with thee - pardon, - Spare thee
Strength & thee from Heaven impart.

God be with thee, - guide - and bless thee
Lead thee where true comforts dwell
God be with thee, - Earth caress thee
Heaven receive thee; - Fare-thee-well.

Nov. 23rd 1873.

To dear Ruth
With the best wishes
of Pollie Billett.

Scraps.

Howe'er it be it seems to me, Is only noble to be good,
And hearts are more than coronets, & simple faith
than Norman blood.

(Tennyson.)

A millstone and the human heart are driven ~~over land~~
If they have nothing else to do, they must themselves be ground.

"long fellow"

Tools step in headlong
Where angels fear to tread.

(Pope, (Shakespeare))

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
Is woman's whole existence.

(Byron)

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows & in miseries.

(Shakespeare)

Pride however disguised is littleness
And he who feels contempt for anything
But him, hath faculties unused.

The silence of pure innocence often persuades
When speaking fails.

Little things are best.

When anything abounds, we find
That nobody will have it,
But when there's little of the kind
Dont all the people crave it?

If wives are evils, as his known
And wofully confin'd,
The man who's wise will surely own,
A little one is best

The god of love's a little wight
Not beautiful as thought
Thou art little, fair, as light
And everything - in short

Oh happy girl I think thou art
For mark the poet's song
Man wants but little here below
For wants that little "long"

With love
from Emma Chalfont.

"My times are in thy hand"

Father I know that all my life, is portioned out ^{for me} by thee
And the changes that are sure to come, I do not fear to see
But I ask thee for a present mind, intent on pleasing Thee.
I ask thee for a faithful love, through constand watching love
To meet the glad with joyful smiles, And booke the tearful eyes
A heart at leisure from itself, to sooth and sympathize.
I would not have the restless will, that hurries too and fro
Seeking for some great work to do, Or secret thing to know
I would be treated as a child. And guided where to go.
Wherever in the world I am, In whatsoe'er estate
I have a fellowship with hearts, to keep and cultivate
And a work of lowly love to do, for the Lord on whom I wait
So I ask thee for the daily strength, to move that askst ^{thy} aid
And a mind to blend with outward life, while ^{my} Ruling at
Content to dwell in little space, so thou be glorified.
There are briars besetting ^{my} path, that call for constant care
There is a crook in ^{the} every path, And an earnest need for prayer
But the lowly heart that lean on God, is happy anywhere
In a service which thy love appoints, there are no bonds for me
But my secret heart is taught the truth, which make thy
children free

And a life of self-renouncing love, is a life of liberty

A. L. Harry

Lines to Woman

Do not love - but if thou lovest and art a
woman hide thy love from him & whom
thou dost worship - Never let him know
how dear he is to thee - Flit before him
like a bird - Draw him from tree to tree
from flower to flower but be not won
or else if like that bird when ~~caged~~
Caught old caged thou will be left to
perish and perish in forgetfulness

To dear Ruth with
love and sincere wishes
of Amiel D. ---

Scrap.

He who always receives and never gives, acquires
as a matter of course, a narrow, contracted, selfish
character. His soul has no expansion, no benevolent
impulses, no elevation of aim. He learns to feel and think
& care only for himself "Hawes"

"Scrap"

Place the bright side upwards,
That's the way to do;
Tis better so for others, tis better so for you
As through the world you postle,
Dull care you'll often meet
And many a sturdy scuffle
Will end in your defeat.
When actions done in kindness
Are churlishly received
And words of truth & kindness
By friends are not believed
Then place the bright side upwards etc.
When practice & profession
In others don't agree
Remember sones perfection.
And judge with charity
So place the bright side upwards
That's the way to do;
Tis better so for others
Tis better so for you.

"Wither, thou turbid wave! -
Wither with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou!"

"I am the Wave of Life,
Tainted with my margin's dust;
From the struggle did the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time"

Longfellow

Nov. 30th 1873
W. D.

The proper use of the tongue.

We should not use our tongues,

1. To rail or brawl against any one.
2. To speak evil of others in their absence.
3. To exaggerate in any of our statements.
4. To speak harshly to children or to the poor.
5. To swear, lie, or use obscene language.
6. To hazard random and improbable statements.
7. To speak rashly and violently on any subject.
8. To deceive people by circulating false reports.
9. To offer up lip-service in religion.
10. To take the Name of God in vain.

But we should employ them

1. To convey to mankind useful information.
2. To instruct our families, & others who need it.
3. To reprove and admonish the wicked.
4. To comfort and console the afflicted.
5. To cheer the timid and the fearful.
6. To defend the innocent & the oppressed.
7. To plead for the fatherless & the widow.
8. To congratulate the success of the virtuous.
9. To confess our faults one to another.
10. To pray to God and speak His praise.

Perhap:-

All is not - attractive that is good. Gold does not sparkle like the diamond; yet it is useful; gold has not the fragrance of a flower; yet it is valuable: - so - different persons have different graces of excellence, & to be just, we must have an eye to all.

Alice L....

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view:

If but one speck of dark appear
In their broad heaven of blue:

And some with thankful love are filled,

If but one streak of light-

One ray of God's good mercy pierce
The darkness of their sight.

Dear friend:

Yours most affectionately
Alice L.

November 30th/73.

Thy will not mine, O Lord
However dark it be.

Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough
It will be still the best
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot
I would not if I might

Choose thou for me, my God
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine
Else I must surely stray.

Take thou my cup and fill
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem,

Choose thou my good and evil.

Choose thou for me my friends
My sickness or my health

Choose thou my cares for me

A Good Wife

"A good wife is Heaven's best gift to man, his angel of mercy, his minister of graces innumerable his gain of many virtues; his casket of jewels; her voice his sweetest music; her smile his brightest day; her arm the pale of his safety; her kiss the guardian of innocence; her memory his safest steward; and her prayer the ablest harbinger of Heaven's blessings on his head"

Large Lecture Room
November 30th 1873

To dear Ruth
With the fond love
Of "Nellie"

My poverty or wealth,
Not mine, not mine the choice
Of things, or great, or small,
Be thou my guide, my strength
My wisdom & my all.

Ruth.

Memory

Oh, keep me in your memory,
I will not ask you more;
We may not meet as we have met,
Now youth's bright dream is o'er;
Our path and mine through life maybe
In future far apart,
But time may bring us change of scene,
And yet not change of heart.
For you for one our path may be,
Part the world to brave;
But keep me in your memory,
This all, this all I crave.

To dearest Ruth
with love from
Julia West.

A Sonnet

I dreamed I came a little way into,
With passion, vinets in a garden playing;
Now stopping here and then afar off straying
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.
I was charmed — in summer's day I stepped aside
To let him pass his face had manhood seeming;
And that full eye of blue was kindly beaming
In a fair maiden whom he called his bride.
Once more I was charmed and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding
And in the midst I marked the smiling girl.
The heavens were clouded: and I heard the one
A slow moving bell — the white-haired man was gone!

Dec 2nd 1843

With A's love

God knows it all.

In deep recesses of the Spirit's chamber
Is there some hidden grief thou mayst not see.
Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember
His pitying eye, who knows and sees it well.

God knows it all.

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation
And would'st do good, but evil still prevails
Oh! think amid the waves of tribulation
When earthly hope, when earthly refuge fails

God knows it all.

And dost thou sin: thy deeds of shame concealing,
In some dark spot no human eye can see.
Then walk in pride, without one sign revealing
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee:

God knows it all.

Art thou oppress'd, & poor, & heavy-hearted.
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed
And well nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted
Go friendly voice to say "Be not afraid".

God knows it all.

Art thou a mourner? Are thy tear drops flowing?
For one so early lost to earth and Thee—
The depth of grief, no human spirit knowing
Which mourns in secret like the moaning sea
God knows it all.

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning
Foward & tremble for thy future lot,
There's One who sees the end from the beginning,
The penitential tear is unforgot—

God knows it all.

Then go to God: Put out your heart before Him
There is no grief your Father cannot feel
And let your grateful songs of praise adore Him
To save, forgive, and every wound to heal:

God knows it all.

With very fond love
and best wishes
from Laura.

The Sister's Farewell.

"Sisters fare ye well; for I must go away
Pass the earthly rivers & the mountains grey
Through the narrow valley, up the Heavenly road
To the shining portals on the hill of God
Sisters fare ye well.

Fare ye well my sisters, happy have we been
In our gentle friendship tender & serene
Now my stay is over, I am drawing nigh
To our home eternal in the sunny sky
Sisters fare ye well.

Sisters if ye long to see my face again
Love the Lamb of God who suffered not in vain.
He hath cleansed me wholly free from guilt & sin
See the pure white raiment, He hath clothed me in
Sisters fare ye well.

I hear heavenly voices I hear angel's wings
And the low, sweet gushing of immortal spring
See the temple open, Hark the Holy bell

Coming, Saviour, coming, Sisters fare ye well.
Sisters fare ye well.

" —————— " —————— "

First Class Room. With
Dec² 14th 1873. Sincerest Wishes
from E. A. G.
An Advertisement. —————— "

Wanted a hand to hold my own
As down life's vale I glide
Wanted an arm to lean upon
In ever by my side
Wanted a firm and steady foot
With steps secure and free
To take its straight and onward pace
Over life's path with me.

Wanted a form erect and high
A head above my own
So much that I might walk beneath
Its shadow o'er me thrown
Wanted an eye within whose light
Mine own might look and see
Uprisings from a quibusless heart
Overflowing with love for me.

— Look it in the Face —

If a trouble should arise,

No matter from what point,
Though you're taken by surprise,

And the time is out of joint,
Never turn aside your head,

Nor make a wry grimace,
But, before a word is said,

Boldly look it in the face.
A good firm honest look
Is never out of place;
Bring trouble straight to book,

And look it in the face.
So when danger shall appear—
If from accident or man —
Don't give way to grief or fear
Till its potency you scan.

In the long run, right is might;
And the best way wrong to chase
Is to put all fear to flight
And to look it in the face.

A good firm honest look
Is never out of place;
Bring all that's wrong to book,
And look it in the face.

W.H. Jones.
June 30th. 1874.

In Memoriam.

Mourn not bereaved ones - the Lord hath called
away

The dear one whom we loved so well
She might not longer stay.

She is an angel now, & stands amid the throng
Who see the Master's face, and sing
The everlasting song.

Oh! think no shade of care can fall upon her
now

For ever one sad anxious thought
Clouded o'er her fair young brow.

You'll hear her voice again, see her bright-
form once more

She'll stand amid the shining ones
On the Eternal Shore.

For she has reached the land, where sorrows
never come,

Is one amid the shining band,
In the great Father's home.

Gone from this cold drear world, from
Sorrow, sin & strife
Gone to a fairer brighter land
And everlasting life.

And could her dear sweet voice, speak to us
from above
She'd bid each mourning heart rejoice
And whisper words of love.
Would bid us dry our tears, wait-till the call
is given
And parted loved ones meet again
One family in Heaven.

August 9th 1844.

With best love of
Mary Williams

Then & Now.

She stood at the threshold at evening,
She was clad in her bridal dress,
She knew he was ready to greet her
And she longed for his fond caress.

'Twas the robe she would wear on the ^{marrow}
And she wanted her love to see.
How fair was his chosen flower
How beauteous his darling could be.

And Hope with her glittering finger
Bade her look to the life before
And she smiled in the mirth of her spirit
As she stood at the study door.

Years passed, three short years of gladness
And the stream of her young life flowed
Like the stream of a laughing rivulet
When the sunshine knows no cloud.

— Ladies Names —

There is a strange deformity, combined with countless graces,
As often in the ladies' names, as in the ladies' faces.

Some names are fit for every age, some only fit for youth;

Some passing sweet and musical, some horribly uncouth;

Some fit for dames of loftiest grades,

Some only fit for scullery-maids.

Anne is too plain and common, and Fanny sounds best ill,

Yet Anna is endurable, and Annie better still.

There is a grace in Charlotte, in Eleanor a slate,

In elegance in Isabelle, a laughtiness in Flora;

And Sarah is sedate and neat,

And Ellen innocent and sweet.

Marilda has a sickly sound, fit for a nurse's trade;

Sophia is effeminate, and Esther sage and staid

Elizabeth's a matchless name, fit for a Queen to wear -

In castle, cottage, bower or hall, a name beyond compare:

And Bess and Bessie follow well, but Betsy is detestable.

Maria is too forward, and Gertrude is too gruff,

Yet coupled with a pretty face, is pretty name enough.

And Adelaide is fanciful, and Laura is too fine,

But Emily is beautiful, and Mary is divine.

Maud only suits a high-born dame,

And Fanny is a baby-name.

Eliza is not very choice. Jane is too blunt and bold,

And Martha somewhat sorrowfull, and Lucy proud and cold.
Amelia is too light and gay, fit only for a flirt,

And Caroline is vain and sly, and Flora smart and pert;
Louisa is too soft and sleek,

But Alice gentle, chaste, and meek.

And Harriet is confiding, and Clara grave and mild,

And Emma is affectionate, and Jane arch and wild.

And Patience is expressive, and Grace is old and rare,

Andannah's warm and dutiful, and Margaret frank and fair;
And Faith, and Hope, and Charity

Are heavenly names for sisters three.

Rebecca for a Jewess, Rose for a country belle.

And Agnes for a blushing bride, will suit exceeding well.

And Phoebe for a midwife, Joanna for a prude,

And Rachel for a gipsy wench, are all extremely good.

And Judith for a scold and churl,

And Susan for a sailor's girl.

Nothing good is strange in Truth Charlotte Jones
Good comes to us naturally when we
are allowing ourselves to fit into God's
plan instead of pulling against it."

June 30/74

And again doth she stand on the threshold
Where she stood on that happy night
But her eyes are no longer laughing
Her dress is no longer white.

And the sorrow that plays o'er her features
Is as dark as the robe she wears
And a wreath of undying flowers
To lay on the dead she bears.

For he never more shall greet her
He shall rise to receive her no more
The voice which she loved is silent
As she waits at the study door.

Then her step was so firm & eager
It is now so subdued & slow
Then 'twas he who had stooped to kiss,^{her}
She must bend to kiss him now.

With love &
best wishes
from
Scholarship "Luc"

The Widow of Nain.

They bore him forth her only son and dead,
Herself a widow! The brave, manly arm
That should have sheltered her from want & harm
Was cold and powerless. Her last hope fled,
Out by the city gate she sadly sped,
To lay him in the quiet sleeping place
Where slept his fathers. So by God's high grace,
No heroines stand e'er now by grave or bed.

"Weep not" the Saviour saith, & though the eye
Of all be wet, what time the dear
Departing one lies stretched on bed or bier
The cheek of those brave women still is dry.
Faith points their vision up to God's blue sky,
Where live the mis-called dead. Nay, visions bright
In haunted homes, through the still solemn night,
Deck o'er this scene at Nain. The lost ones are so nigh.

Large Lecture Room
Advent Sunday 1874

To dearest Ruth
With the kind love
and wishes of Pollie Lewis

"Out of Touch"

Only a smile, yes, only a smile
That a woman's burdened with grief
Expected from you; 'twould have given her relief,

For her heart ached sore the while;
But weary and cheerless she went away,
Because, as it happened, that very day
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a word, yes, only a word
That the Spirit's small voice whispered "speak."
But the worker passed onward unblest and weary
Whom you were meant to have stured
To courage, devotion and love anew,
Because when the message came to you,
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a note, yes, only a note
To a friend in a distant land;
The spirit said, "Write," but then you had planned
Some different work and you thought
It mattered little, you did not know
Twould have saved a soul from sin and vice
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a song, yes, only a song
That the Spirit said, "Sing tonight
Thy voice is thy Master's by purchased right;"
But you thought, "Mid this motley throng,
Scare not to sing of the city of gold"
And the heart that your words might have reached, grew cold,
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Out of Touch - continued.

Only a day, yes, only a day,
But oh can you guess, my friend,
Where the influence reaches, and where it will end,
Of the hours you frittered away?
Their master's command is "Abide with me".
And fruitless and vain will your service be
If "out of touch" with your Lord.

Mrs. Florence Bryan - Oct. 28, 1918.

